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ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY



"Butterflies are pretty things,
Prettier than you or I;
See the color on their wings!
Who would hurt a butterfly?"

—McGuffey's Series



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ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY

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A poem in four Cantos with Recreations
Many portraits and illustrations
Original Edition

Net, postpaid, \$2.00

FLORA TRUEBLOOD BENNETT NEFF
LOGANSPOUT, INDIANA



FLORA TRUEBLOOD BENNETT NEFF
Logansport, Indiana

ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY

A POEM
IN FOUR CANTOS WITH
RECREATIONS

BY

FLORA TRUEBLOOD BENNETT NEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY
SAMILLA LOVE JAMESON

PRIVATELY PRINTED
LOGANSPOUT, INDIANA

1911

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FLORA TRUEBLOOD BENNETT NEFF

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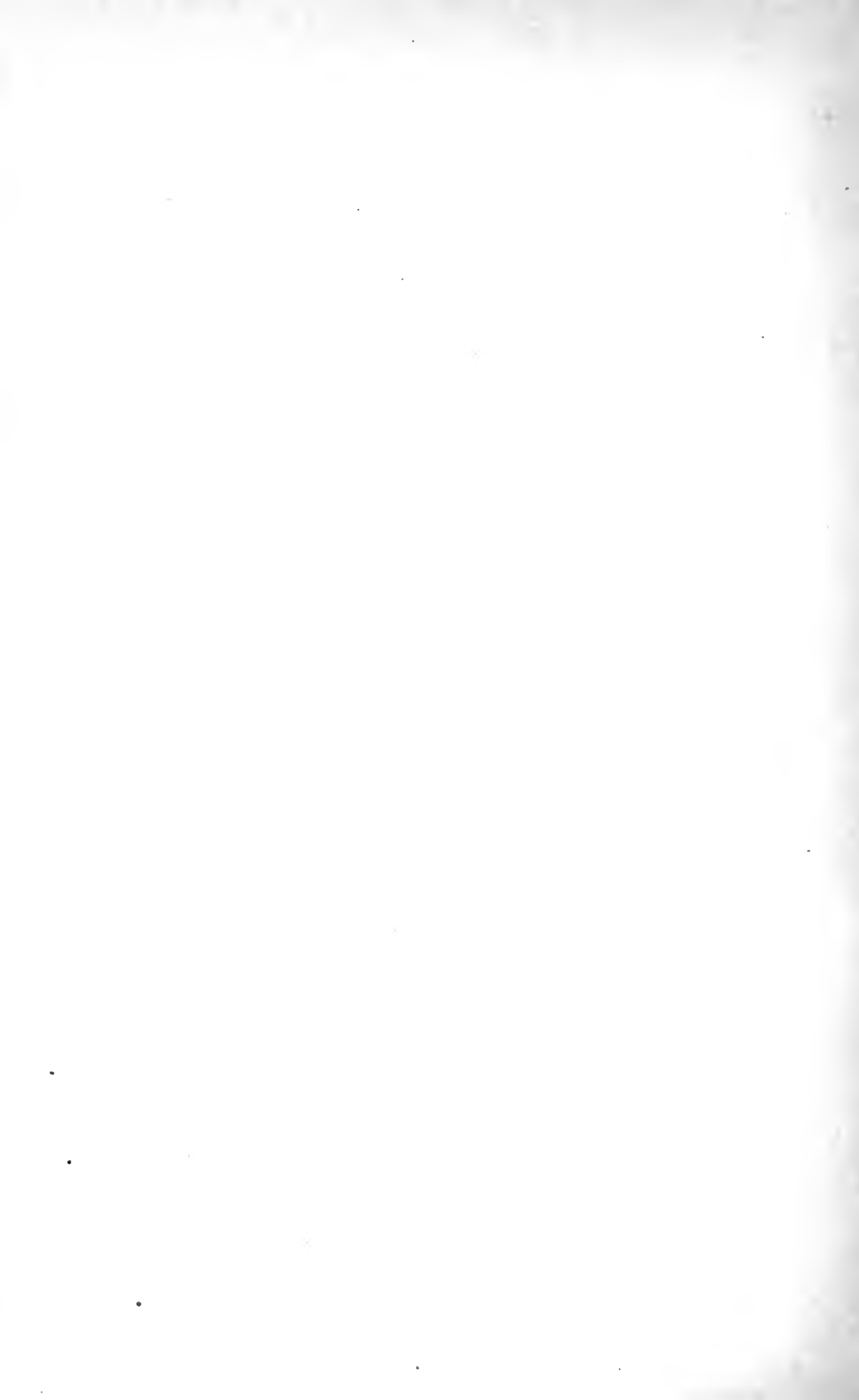
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DEDICATION

TO THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY
CRUELTY THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED

The demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted
in sucking the blood of genius and of generosity.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*



A FORGOTTEN TEXT

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. —*Genesis 1:29.* .

In early times people were obliged to kill animals in self defense and for bodily sustenance, but now that nuts and vegetable oils are so abundant and so universally distributed, may we not tend toward that higher civilization which almost wholly abolishes the shedding of innocent blood? Would it not represent *the* glorious era of man's "dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth?"

STRAY THOUGHTS

He who endorses but one line of progress deserves to be called "crank;" he who promotes many, a philanthropist.

Every thought, word, or deed, destined to make the generations more kind, merits a page in modern scriptures.

The world will become better when we limit the birthrate of children and dumb animals to that degree where all can be cared for humanely.

Pioneer Rome was doubtless as pure in morals as early America, but the history of congested population has ever been that of avarice, crime and suffering.

No miracle can change our tendencies or conditions, nothing save practical common sense.

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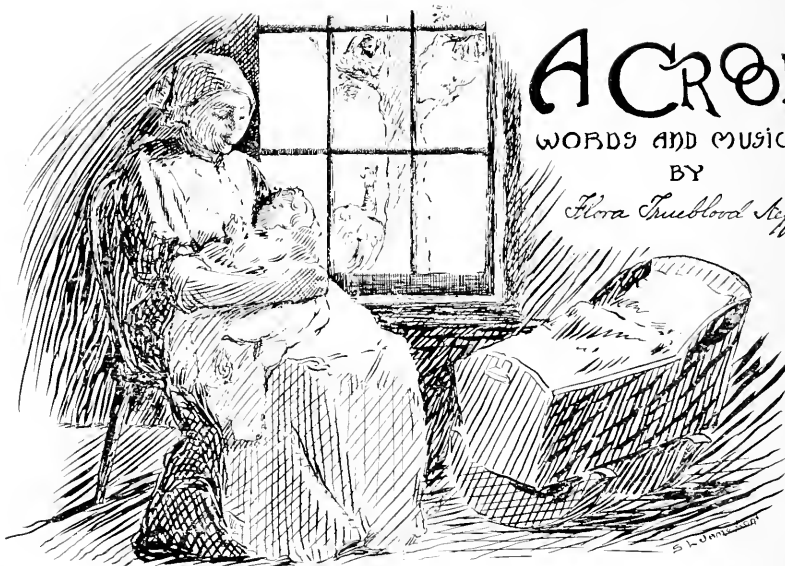
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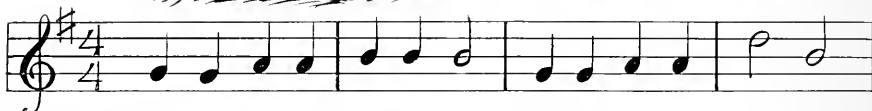


ACROB.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

Flora Truett



When Miss Bunny goes ter sleep,
close beside 'er Mammy,



She jist tells the nicest tings, 'Bout her
handsome Daddy.



Bunny, Bunny. whoop-ee-bye! Turkey-trees
in blossom,



Fer de niggah wat kin climb, Lok er
cawn er possom.

Along Life's Pathway

CANTO FIRST

AUNT JANE MOORLAND

NARRATIVE

Aunt Jane Moorland's life was nearing
Sunset, o'er the Vale of Time,
Tipped the hills with wondrous glory,
Touched her soul with thoughts sublime.
Seventy years had kissed her forehead,
And her silken silver hair
Lay in crinkles o'er the wrinkles
Of that brow so pure and fair.

And she sat one winter's evening,
By a table small and trim,
Knitting such a dainty stocking,
Weaving finer thoughts within;
Brave Old Lion, just beside her,
Fiercest dog of all in fight,
Lamb-like slumbered on the corner
Of her lengthy apron white.

Thomas Kitten, right before her,
Eyes so tight he could not peep,
None would dream that cruel splinters
Lurked within those velvet feet;
Nephew Robin, in the cradle,
Who had come with tearful eye,
Tiny scratch upon his finger,
Just to hear her lullaby.

Uncle John, that sturdy farmer,
Famous all the country round
For the sleekest, finest cattle,
Biggest hogs and richest ground,
Snoozing snugly by the fireside,
Paper fallen on the floor,
Head half bended, mouth extended,
Breathing almost in a snore.

Too many well-acquainted, idle women in a boarding house
sometimes peril its reputation. Full female franchise would tend
to counteraction.



"Sitting, knitting, wrapt in silence"

Raging winds outside were howling,
Giant trees caught the refrain,
Every twig bowed low and struggled,
Moaning as in dreadful pain;
While within the embers glowing,
Quite a cheerful contrast bore,
Each blaze vying with its brother
To outrival those before.

Thus, Aunt Jane, in gown old-fashioned,
Snowy cap, so plain and neat,
Sitting, knitting, wrapt in silence,
Made a picture most complete.
She was happy in the knowledge
That their stock of every kind
And they, too, were safely sheltered
From the chilling wintry wind:

Do not ride behind a docked horse and tell the driver why.

Noise and fire-crackers are poor exponents of real patriotism.

But she thought of all the starving
And the freezing, everywhere,
While so many others prospered
Like themselves with much to spare;
And she felt that none too quickly,
They, the fortunate, should seek
To arouse and rally forces
Of the strong to help the weak.

COLLOQUY

“John,” she said, when he awakened,
“Do you really not suppose
That the Lord would like to have us
Share our corn and wheat with those
Wretched miners, in our own state,
Where their hungry children cry
And where those who call for succor,
Must unaided starve and die?”

A day will come when a cannon will be pointed out in a museum, as an instrument of torture is shown there today, with astonishment that such a thing could ever have existed.—*Victor Hugo.*



“‘John,’ she said, when he awakened”

“Jane, my dear, you should not borrow
Trouble, when the Lord so kind
Has provided fer our comfort;
Trust all to His gracious mind.
If them miners He would punish,
Sinners everyone no doubt,
It is right, Jane, fer you know that
God’s ways air past finding out.”

“Nay, but John, the Good Book tells us,
And experience makes it plain,
That the rain falls on the just ones
And the unjust, just the same.
If by chance our crops are favored,
Is it right that you and I
Gorge and glutton while our brothers
From the cruel famine die?”

If you must kill them, do it without cruelty. Every animal has a right to justice and protection at the hands of man.—*Animal World*.

“Pshaw! dear Jane, if God Almighty
Does not want to prosper such,
It is nothin’ to us people,
As I see, not very much.
We air not supposed to meddle
Only with our own, ’tis plain;
Famine, war and crime air judgments,
And we air not in ’em, Jane!”

“If the Lord desires to punish
Those now starving for some sin,
Are you not afraid that sometime
He, dear John, will count us in?
What if He, too, should be testing
Our own selfish hearts the while,
Just to see if in the future
We be worthy of His smile?”

Never use a check-rein, unless so long that the horse can have
free use of his head when going up hill.



COUNT LYOFF NIKOLAIVICH TOLSTOI

A rich nobleman who dared to be a brother to the lowliest Peasant.

“Tyranny dares much in that land of immense silence (Russia),
but tyranny itself is abashed before the isolated nobility
of Count Leo Tolstoi.”—*T. P. O'Connor.*

“I caint see, to save my life, Jane,
 Why the Lord should chasten us,
Fer not sharin’ with them paupers
 Thet air raisin’ such a fuss;
What is mine is all my own, Jane,
 Though I fear we caint agree,
’Tis my plan to bother no one—
 No one then should bother me!”

“So you thought, John, when our neighbor
 Beat his horse until I cried,
That you had no right to meddle,
 Though the blood coursed down its side;
And I fear his poor wife suffers
 Like the horse; would you, my dear,
See him strike that poor, frail woman
 And not try to interfere?”

Do not carry your surplus stock of cats to the country or your neighbor. Better learn to chloroform them humanely.

“Ho! ho! Jane, you’re so peculiar,
Air not that man’s horse and wife
Both his own? Didn’t she promise
To ‘obey’ him all her life?
Didn’t I see him pay the money
Fer that crazy balkin’ mare?
Seems to me, dear Jane, you’re talkin’
Most tremendous, awful queer!”

“John, the noble Ruskin tells us
He who is not actively
Kind is certainly most guilty
Of the crime of Cruelty.
He who sees the hand uplifted
And not try to stay the knife,
When ’tis in his power to do so,
He is guilty of that life.”

He who is not actively kind is cruel.—*John Ruskin.*



“Through neglect of Cattle Kings”

“If we see a poor wife beaten
By that worse than coward, knave,
She calls ‘husband,’ we are sinful
If we hasten not to save.
If we find neglected children
And not strive to rescue them,
Or an animal mistreated,
We are worthy of much blame.”

Thus they argued for a long time,
’Bout the cattle on the plains
And the thousands, freezing, dying,
Through neglect of Cattle Kings;
Talked about the plague in India,
People dying, people dead,
Until Uncle John proposed they
“Offer prayer” and go to bed.

A king, and yet no royal blood is in his veins! A self-made monarch, and his subjects only the lowing herds in the far off west; his kingdom the frozen plains where his cattle are dying, for ’tis cheaper to lose half his herds than to feed and protect the whole.—*George T. Angell.*

APPLICATION

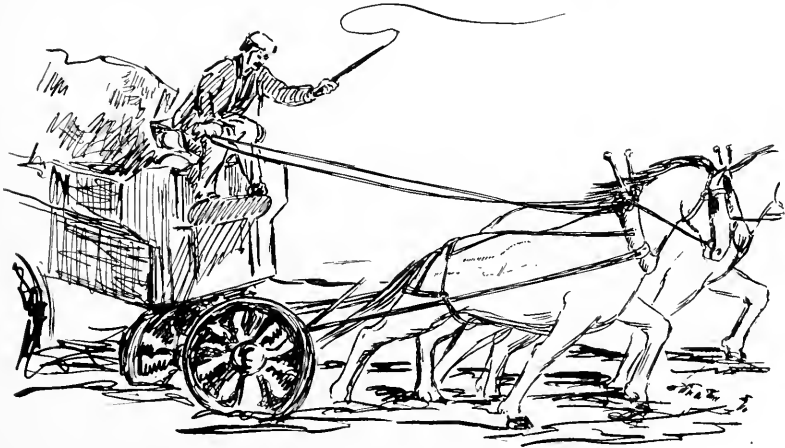
Uncle Johns, dear friends, are many,
Those who pray but seldom care
If a weaker brother perish,
If a fainter heart despair;
Righteous people, all unmindful
That on us rests a command:
“Clothe” the poor and “feed” the hungry,
Strive with voice and heart and hand

To uplift the crushed and fallen,
The defenseless and oppressed;
To be kind in bravely daring
Every cruelty to arrest.
Our neglect of humane duties,
Of the things we surely know,
Is the greatest cause of cruelty,
Is the chiefest cause of woe,

Rover tells no tales, betrays no trust, asks no troublesome questions, is always ready for a bit of fun, loves and worships you and believes you God. Rover should live on a farm.

And it's just the simple reason
Why the angry driver goads
Ceaselessly his beast of burden
Which he shamefully o'er loads;
Why all butchers are not human
And humane enough to slay
All their victims in the quickest,
Surest and most painless way;

Why the curse of Rum hangs o'er us,
Like a serpent poised mid-air,
Sending forth its vilest poison
On the innocent and fair;
Why the air of starving Russia
Must, for many years to come,
Steeped with pestilential fevers,
Scorch the lip, the cheek, the tongue



A Heavy Load

Of the many, many thousands,
Wretched, hopeless, weak, forlorn,
Victims of those dread diseases
Of the cruel conflict born.
We are dreaming, idly dreaming,
Through this world of hunger, sin,
Dreaming, dreaming, till misfortune
Calls us back to earth again.

Oh, the suffering all around us,
Quivering nerves and hearts that break!
Even the angels are disgusted
With the flimsy prayers we make;
For the peoples' spires and steeples
Glitter from the turrets high,
Piercing e'en the dome of Heaven,
Deaf and dead to many a cry;

Forty-eight kinds of animals are mentioned in the Bible;
sixty-seven kinds of birds; about ten kinds of fishes; twenty-one
kinds of reptiles; and seventeen kinds of insects.



“Edifices cold and silent”

Edifices cold and silent,
People calmly reconciled,
Cruelty goes on unheeded
Save by now and then some child,
Or perhaps an Aunt Jane Moorland,
Who, from high and noble aim,
Braves the storm of public censure
In the street, to plead in vain

With some burly, brutal master,
Trying thus to stay the lash,
Only to receive his curses
For an act so bold and rash!

Even a kindly disposed child must suffer from the monster
Ridicule because our paper-doll society mothers fail to teach
Mercy.

Would that the cries of all the crushed and bleeding forms,
now under the scourge of our licensed saloon, might sound as a
reveille into the ears of slothful Indifference.

Blest be that woman who lives above what unjust women may say of her.

Some parents expect the teacher to make great successes out of their miserable failures.

Boys:—American girls are increasing in stature, while you are growing shorter. Will you permit this, or will you mend your ways?

Our public schools need more “deep-breathing” and less smattering of music, drawing and household economics. Children cannot learn everything.

Teach the children industry and economy early in life. Responsibility strengthens character. Girls should learn house work, but girls need outdoor air and exercise as well as boys.

As we believe in Mercy, so we believe in recreation, music and dancing, books, society, travel, theater,—cards, chess and other games, all under the parental eye and in moderation. Relaxation contributes to longevity.

LULLABY.

WORDS AND
MUSIC BY

Flora Frodoood Hoff

Oh my little Jack Rose! You's de fairest lamb I know's, Yer
cheeks is little Rossums, you's de sweetest bref An' dem
dat blows,
shinin' woolly rings Am de melon-vine dat clings, A windin' all
about de heart o' Mammy. Yer eyes so love ter sleep,
wid now and den a peep. Lak baby stars
in Twinkledom a cooin'. In dah
trun'l bed at play, when ole Missy men's
away, An' nursey finds it berry nice a woin'.

O my little Jack Rose!

Now what d'ye tink I 'spose
About dis pickammy

W'en I see dem squirmy toes?

W'y, I tink dat 'lasses fine,

But dey aint compar' wid mine,

A little, blinkum, 'possum rose

o' Mammy.

O my little Jack Rose!

W'en de sweet magnoly blows

An' de bees is all a drowsin'

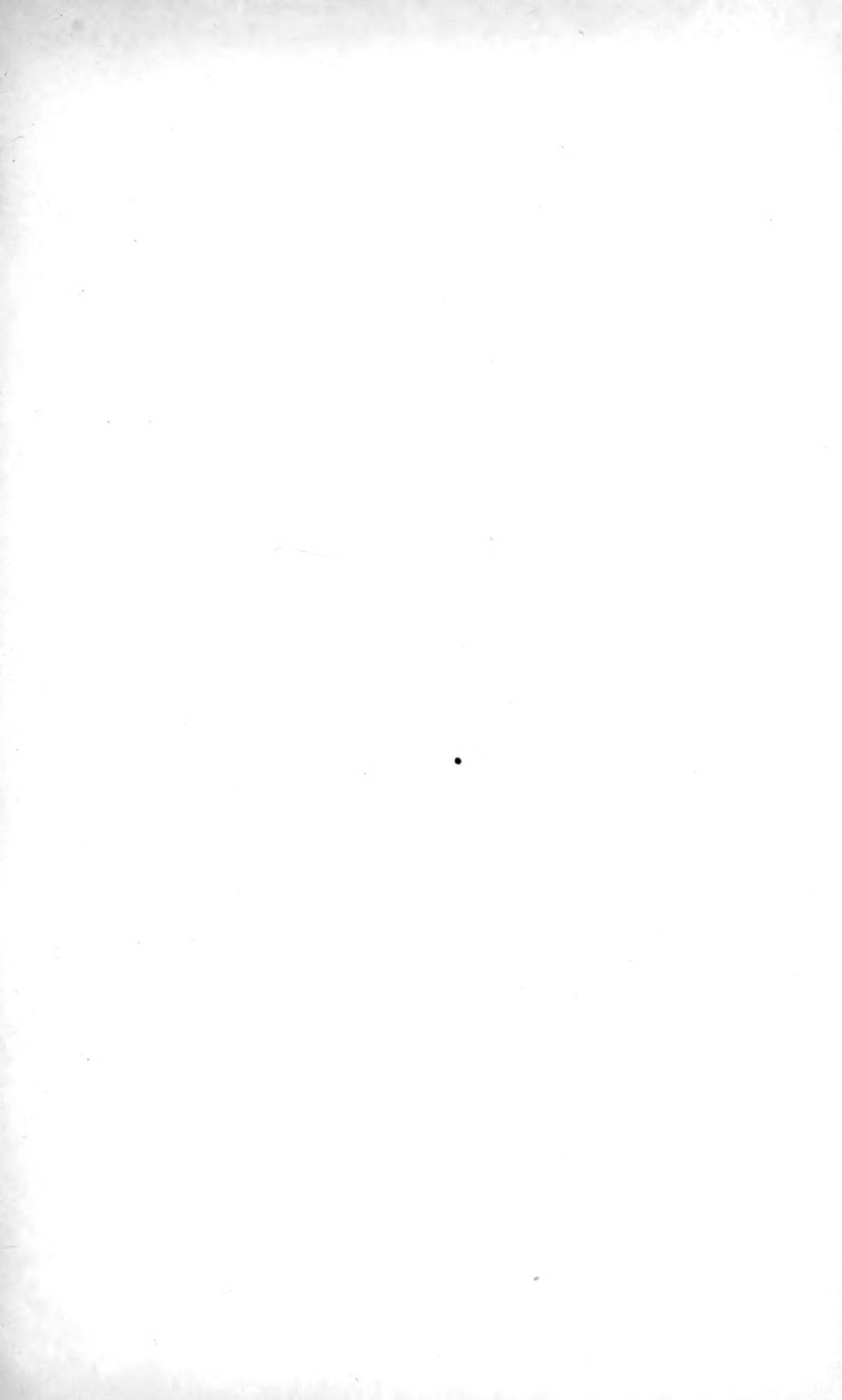
Frum de honey dey explose,

W'y, you Daddy loves his res'

An' he knows his mountain nes'—

He's comin' home ter baby an'

ter Mammy.





“That Steel Trap”

CANTO SECOND

WAYS OF CRUELTY

Cruelty is myriad-headed
And its ugly forms arise
All around, above, beneath you—
There the hideous monster lies!
See the naturalist, whose knowledge
Is so great and wide and high,
Pinion fast the living spider,
Hapless bee, or butterfly!

See that steel-trap, like a demon,
Spectral teeth, seductive breath,
Holding victims in its clutches
For that other spectre, Death!
See a creature's limb so swollen
That from sheer excess of pain
It frees itself by gnawing
The imprisoned limb in twain!

We may have a gay time in this world if we shut our eyes to Cruelty, but the closing of such accounts cannot be entirely satisfactory. After all, it is the philanthropist who truly lives.

See the angler, seeking pleasure
In the wriggle and the squirm
Of that humble little creature
God hath pleased to call a worm!
Seldom thinks he wife and children
Need a ramble 'mid wild flowers,
Or the sweet refining lessons
That are taught in nature's bowers.

With a promise to his Johnny:
"When you're older, sure, someday,
You may join me in this great sport,"
Hies he to the woods away,
Not for special good, but pleasure,
Pleasure, and at what a cost!
Killing for the sport of killing,
Savagery, we ne'er have lost.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—*William Cowper.*



"With a promise to his Johnny"

See those fish, through hunger tempted
By the worm upon the hook,
Anchored on a twig of willow
In some pool beside the brook!
'Twere a mercy now to slay them,
Yet that mercy cannot come
Till the shadows of the evening
Woo the angler to his home.

Prattling children, waiting, watching,
For that great long line of his,
See the string of fish and wonder
What a great (?) man "papa" is!
All the fish not dead but dying,
Half of them perhaps are tossed,
Gasping, bleeding, suffocating,
On the ground and so are lost!

A man who refuses to vote has no right to a country.

When the life of one of our fellows is at stake a butcher is not permitted to sit upon the jury, because killing animals hardeneth the heart.



“Anchored on a twig of willow”

The fad of hunting and fishing, next to the saloon, is perhaps the greatest of all loafer incubators.

Jealousy is rare, but Envy loves to wear her mask.

When we cross the dark river, we hope to hear the birds sing, have a purring kitten upon either shoulder, find the babies and the aged comfortable and all good boys and girls working at kindness.

See the heartless hunter flashing,
Ruthlessly his deadly toy,
Midst the warbles of our forests,
Seeking only to destroy!

And these poor birds are strung
On wires and hung,
By those who torture and tear them,
Or placed in cold ovens
And heated till breath
Is lost in a tedious, torturous death,
That we as Christians may wear them!

Care for the birds in cages.

A FORGOTTEN TEXT

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?—*Luke 12-6.*

The white heron is most beautiful at nesting time and 'tis easy for the sportsman to shoot her because she hovers over the nest. He tears the aigrettes from her poor bleeding body and leaves her on the ground, her little ones to starve in the nest.

See the sad, sad, withered corpses
Of the oriole, red-bird, wren!
Do our ladies know of orphans,
Or the suffering of the slain?
Do they know the airy aigrette,
Shorn from off the heron's crest,
God only gives to mother birds
While yet they are on the nest?

That while above her precious babes
She hovers in maternal fear,
She bares her own poor tender breast,
A target for a monster near?
Dear maiden, let thy kindly heart
Forsake this mode of cruelty.
Oh, may the ostrich plume suffice
To satisfy thy vanity!

It is no credit to men that women are learning the drink habit.



“Shorn from off the heron’s crest”



We have our snowy cotton fields
And famous cashmere goat;
The pretty sheep is willing
To share her soft warm coat,
But fashion claims the mother seal,
Within the polar zone,
And twenty thousand baby seals
Each year are starved alone!

Do you know the seal is human-like,
Affectionate and dear,
Caressing e'en the hand that strikes,
Shedding the briny tear?
So tender toward her offspring!
O ladies, tell me, pray,
Why covet so much mother-life,
Such mother-lives as they?

I saw in the eyes of the animals the human soul look out upon me. Come nigh, little bird, with your half stretched quivering wings—within you I behold choirs of angels, and the Lord himself in vista.—*Towards Democracy.*

Do you know that Baby-Lamb records
A crime so deep and fell,
No brush can paint, or time erase,
Or any language tell?
More mother parents sacrificed,
Opened while yet alive,
The lambkin taken from her,
And still she must survive!

And in Mercy's name, dear ladies,
Cannot some of us contrive
To prepare a lobster salad
Without boiling them alive?
Can't we have Thanksgiving dinner,
Christmas banquet, New Year's tea,
Any more except we enter
In the crime of Cruelty?

Baby-Lamb, Baby-Seal and Baby-Calf are taken from the mother's womb and skinned alive.

Women, protected by plain faces, too often lionize the traducer of a beautiful sister.



RICHARD ("HUMANITY") MARTIN
Galway, Ireland

Born in Dublin, February, 1754; died in Boulogne, January 6, 1834. Father of the world-wide anti-cruelty movement for the humane protection of animals.

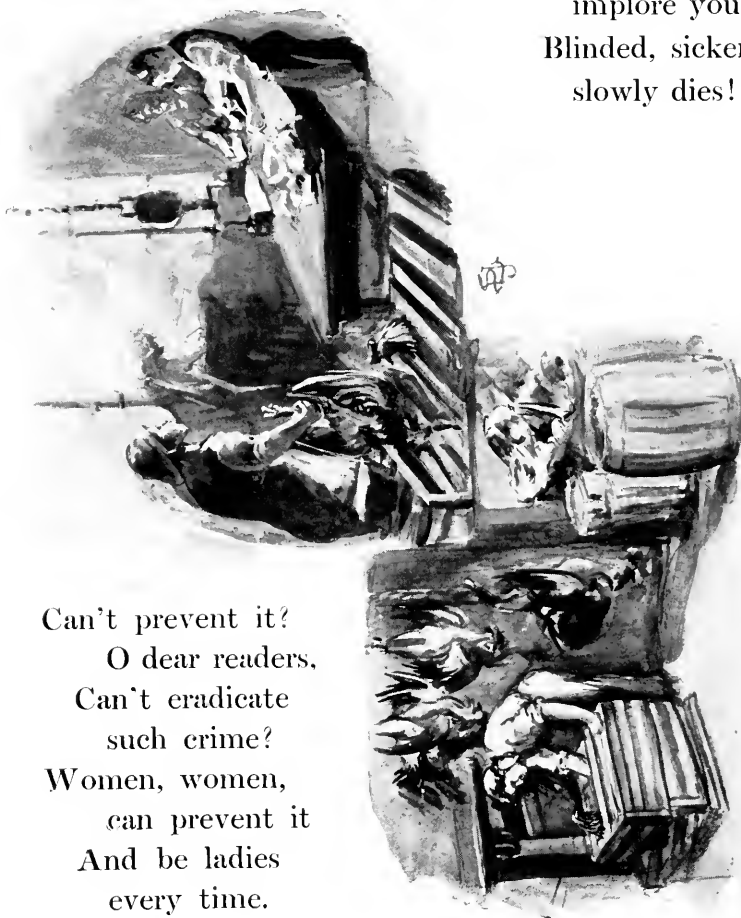
See the poultry dealers, roughly,
 Though the very bones may crack,
Lock the wings of baby chickens
 Painfully across the back!
See the righteous, even, in buying,
 Use so oft that cruel test
Of the age of living poultry,
 By the bruising of the breast!

See them tossed by Christian(?) housewives,
 On the ground, bruised, broken, tied,
Hours perhaps before the slaughter,
 Just as if no Christ had died!
See them hanging at the shipper's,
 Helpless, pleading, day by day,
Life-blood slipping, oozing, dripping,
 Ebbing, drop by drop, away,

Of times the wings are broken by this cruelty. Try having
your arms locked behind you, say from New York to Chicago.



Till each poor bird,
weaker, fainter,
Whiter grows and
feebly tries
For the last time to
implore you,
Blinded, sickened,
slowly dies!

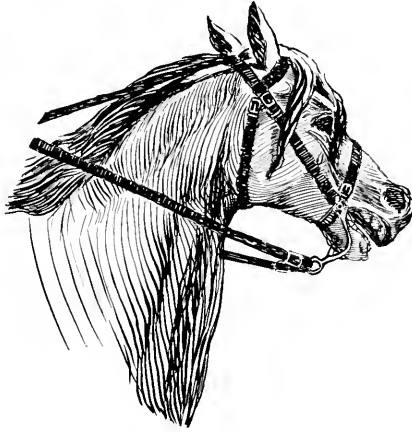


Can't prevent it?
O dear readers,
Can't eradicate
such crime?
Women, women,
can prevent it
And be ladies
every time.



GEORGE THORNDIKE ANGELL

More than two thousand of Boston's work horses wore black satin rosettes and streamers on the day of his funeral. "Few men have left a worthier record."—*Ex-Governor John D. Long.*



“The Check Rein”

See our patient horses, tortured
With tight check-rein and close blinds,
Adding neither grace nor beauty,
But disease of many kinds!

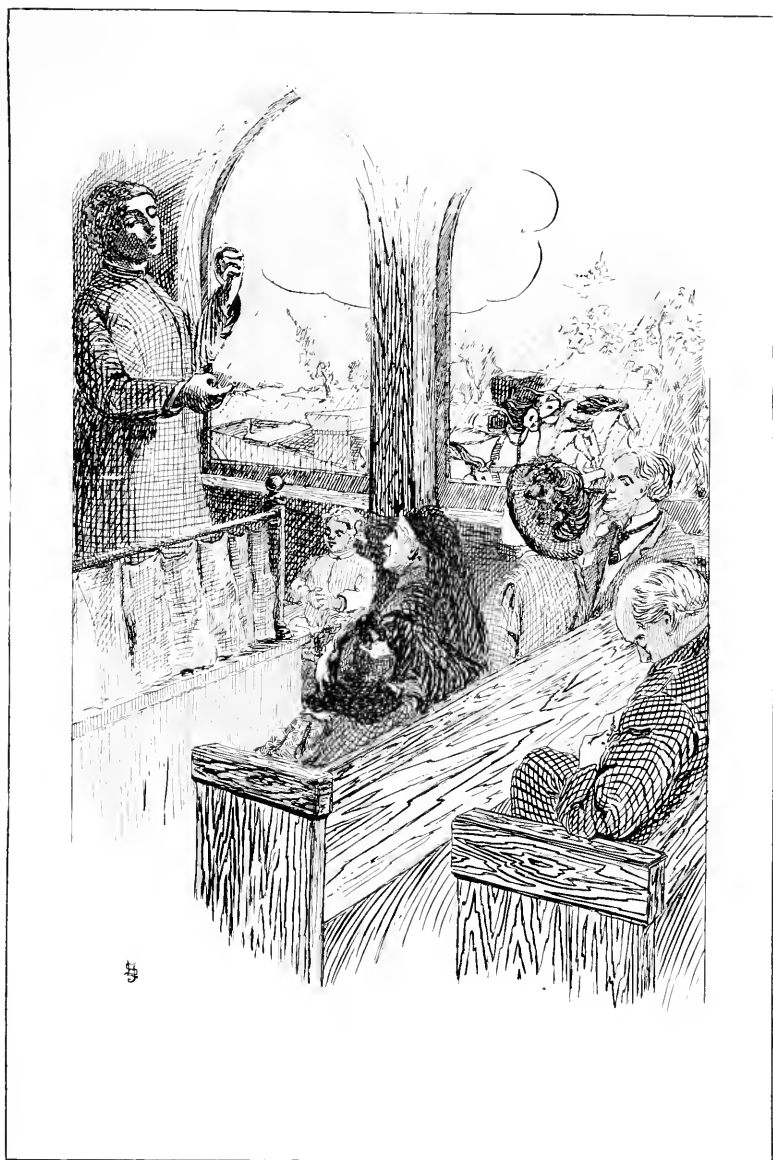
We welcome the automobile as an excellent humane agency,
preventing birth and torture of horse-flesh.

Loosen the check-rein, master,
See how your poor horse tries
To free himself from the cruel strain;
He tosses his head because of pain
And pleads with his beautiful eyes!

Loosen the check-rein, master,
If only a moment you stay
To chat and gossip with friends in town.
Heed the sad pleading of eyes so brown
And give the tired neck full sway.

Loosen the check-rein, master,
Ah, see what a pleasure you bring!
Old Dobbin is weary of check-rein and style,
Let him stretch his poor neck as he chooses awhile,
As free as a bird on the wing.

The Dumb Animal kingdom is God's, therefore to us there is nothing vulgar within its realm. False modesty sometimes prevents rescue work, where otherwise suffering creatures might be made glad.



"Wonder why the Lord is slow"

See the horses 'round the churches,
Shiv'ring in the sleet and snow,
While the people, praying, wrestling,
Wonder why the Lord is slow;

“And saloons,” did some one whisper?
Yes, the drunkard's horse must freeze;
Do you not aspire, dear Christians,
To be nobler far than these?

We have no right to torture any living thing with the idea that other living things will be benefited thereby.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

No power beneath the sky can make an ignorant, wasteful and idle people prosperous, or a licentious people happy.—*Frederick Douglass.*



"Drunkard's Horse"

If all would lend a helping hand, mirth and gladness might be multiplied many times and be more equally distributed.

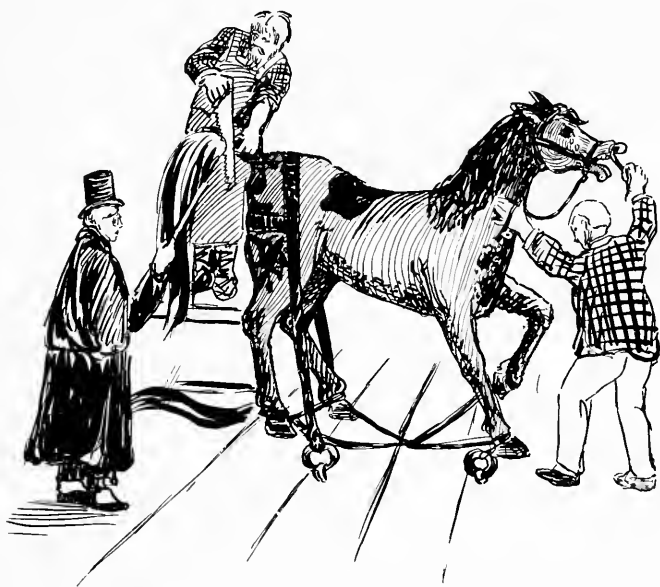
God demands in our confession—
Have we answered him aright?
Cain, where is thy speechless brother?
Is he housed and fed tonight?

See the shocking cruel docking,
Mutilation and disguise,
Thus destroying all protection
'Gainst the stinging of the flies!

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

A man, niggardly towards his wife, usually converts her either into a jelly-fish or stoic, and a tyrannous woman has a like influence upon her husband.



Docking

VULGAR AND CRIMINAL

A theft for which one can never make amends; a vulgarity all refined people should denounce; a crime against helplessness and an insult to God!

Imitating snobbish customs,
Aping Darwin's missing link!
See her! Who is that approaching?
Our Columbia, I think.

See! she scorns the proffered greeting,
Hear her: "Oh, begone! Away!"
See her lovely head averted!
Is she not a jewel, say?

Would that every noble vision
Were so quickened as to see
That the dock-tailed horse was fashioned
By the Prince of Snobbery!

Revolutionize through the ballot box.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!—
Madame Roland (nee Marie Jeanne Philippon).



Columbia

See the farmer now, dehorning!

Hear the speech which soothes and charms:

“Cattle are more docile.” Are they?

So is man without his arms.

Who would be the fiend incarnate

To cut out the human tongue?

Would it not prevent much gossip

If 'twere done when very young?

Now they're sheltered close together

And much space the farmer gains,

But they breathe tuberculosis!

Dire consumption for his pains.

Then the children drink the rich milk,

Spread the golden butter thick,

Marvel not that little Mary

Gets her angel wings so quick!

Would it not be nobler to raise hornless cattle? Might not this represent a kindlier part of man's "dominion" over the brute creation? How boundless are thy ways, O Merey, if we but love and study thee!



“Marvel not that little Mary
Gets her angel wings so quick.”

See the prodding and the jostling
Of the stock upon the train!
See them hunger, thirst and smother,
See them chafe and fret in vain,
Till their mouths are parched and purple,
And their tongues loll out in pain,
And their eyes are fairly bursting
From a fever-maddened brain!



Cattle Car

Then we bend above our tables,
Grateful for abundant food,
Blind and deaf and dead to duty,
Thankful yet for every good,
And we ask the gracious Master
"Bless and sanctify this meat,"
Which is only fit for buzzards
And for crawling worms to eat!



Saying Grace

Eminent physicians declare that meat eating produces rheumatism, cancer and consumption.

See the shrinking and the flinching
Of our cattle, horses, sheep,
As the branders bury hot irons
In their quivering flesh so deep!
Burning incense to the Devil,
But the smoke ascends on high
To that Father who yet heareth
E'en the suffering raven's cry!



Branders

Branders become hardened and are not particular as to the depth or care of the wounds they inflict. Sometimes the mother cow sheds tears and mourns for weeks over the loss of her baby.

Hear the moaning and the groaning
Of the cows within the pen,
As they see their young calves bleeding
Yield unto the knife again!
Hear the champing and the stamping
And the bleating of the ewes,
As the butcher binds their offspring
And across his wagon throws!

See the cruel vivisector
Rend the flesh and burn the eyes,
Murdering in the name of science,
Gloating while his victim writhes!
Pity? Say, does brutal savage
Weep at scenes of suffering? gore?
Barbarous instinct cultivated
Only grieves when such is o'er!

The "roping" of cattle upon the plains is to our country what
bull-fights are to cruel Spain and Mexico.



The Vivisector's Dream

In a great French laboratory
Seven living horses lay,
Eyeless, earless, tailless, hoofless,
Sweating drops of agony,
Forty hours! While great physicians,
Skillful in their fiendish art,
Froze and roasted, cut and tore them,
Plucked out nerves and bared the heart!

Fifty hours! Then all the subjects
Had expired, save one, whose breath
Told in hard convulsive gaspings
Of the final hour of death;
Then amid exultant laughter,
Just to show their wreck complete,
This poor suffering beast was hoisted,
Dying, on its bleeding feet!

A dog was given curare (not an anesthetic) and starved for eighteen hours. Its throat was cut open and the tube of a bellows inserted in the windpipe and artificial respiration maintained. Its stomach was cut open and a tube inserted into the bile-duct; this lasted half an hour. In this condition it was kept tightly bound to a board for eight hours, the stomach repeatedly opened and substances injected into the bowels.—*Dr. Rutherford (Minutes of Royal Commission)*. From "Personal Experiences" of Philip G. Peabody, A.M., LL.B., President of The New England Anti-Vivisection Society.

And this monster, Vivisection,
 Stands within the college door
In our land we call enlightened,
 Even at this very hour!
Dhammapada, a learned Hindoo,
 At our World's Fair said: "I've come
From a land of pagan darkness,
 Pleading for your helpless dumb!"

Lawson Tait, M. D., the great English surgeon and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, said: "Such experiments never have succeeded and never can; and they have, as in the cases of Koch, Pasteur and Lister, not only hindered true progress, but have covered our profession with ridicule."

Vivisection is the disgrace and shame of some of the sciences. Of what possible use is it to know just how long an animal can live without food; without water; at what time he becomes insane from thirst, or blind or deaf? Who but a fiend would try such experiments?—*Robert G. Ingersoll*.



War at Sea

See our Christian nations warring,
Steeping pagan lands in crime,
Sending back our flower of manhood
Wrecks upon the flood of Time;
Tainted brain and tainted bodies,
Patriotic maidens brave
Love them, innocent of danger,
Wed, and find an early grave!

Rum to craze the pagan reason,
Swords and guns to maim and slay,
Then conceitedly we tell them
Of the "straight and narrow way!"
Sending foreign missionaries
Ere we learn of Mercy's laws,
Is the essence of presumption,
Is degrading to the cause!

Rum is a menace alike to the artisan and soldier.

Let our prisoners improve our highways, under a merciful
surveillance. There is labor enough for all.

A united Christianity could prevent any war between Christian nations.

If you would glorify Christ, take the War drills out of the church and preach Peace.

Because of War's degrading influence, few experienced soldiers are worthy to wed pure womanhood. We prefer a patriotism of Peace.

The meanest criminal is justly entitled to labor for his country and to enjoy occasionally God's pure air and sunshine. He is usually the product of the licensed saloon.

If the church, lodge, club, and society would unite upon the broad platform of Peace, Mercy, Equal Franchise and Prohibition, how easily the earth could be reconciled to our "dominion."

That South American bull fight in 1908 given for the entertainment of our American fleet, has retarded our moral progress fifty years. American motherhood should strike, until a higher standard of national purity is established.

Do not ask God to do the work He assigns to you.

Slothfulness should not share equally in this world's goods with honest Toil.

There should be an industrial school for the truant and a work-house for the able-bodied vagrant and jail-bird.

Do we realize how few worthy parents have a clean, quiet and comfortable place in which to retire from active service?

While we are opposed to too much heaping up of money, we recognize the fact that few men have the ability to run big concerns.

When all of our temperance talk is crystallized into National Prohibition ballots, a speedy dissolution of the rum power will be assured.

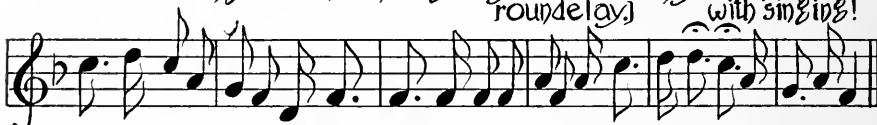
Let us hope we are nearing a time when women shall discard their fashion deities, when they shall realize their inherent rights to say and do things practical, to be of real worth in this big world and to have a voice in the protection of the home.



Hark! I hear a silvery chorus, as if loved ones gone before us, 'tis the



wild birds sailing o'er us, 'tis their goodbye roundelay! How they fill the air (with singing!)



Richest, wildest notes are ringing. As they on their way are winging To the groves of Florida.

There they build their nests and rear their
Young birds and 'tis good to be there,
For 'tis heaven itself to hear their
Lullabies in Florida.

There the south winds' sweet caresses
Sway the branch whereon each nest is;
They're so happy, each bright nest is
Almost burst with melody.

See that sportsman creeping under
Neath those homes to kill and plunder!
See the flash and hear the thunder,
Fashion's great artillery!

That our lady's new church bonnet
May have gay bird corpses on it!
Let this humble little sonnet
Plead for birds in Florida.

Adapted from "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea."

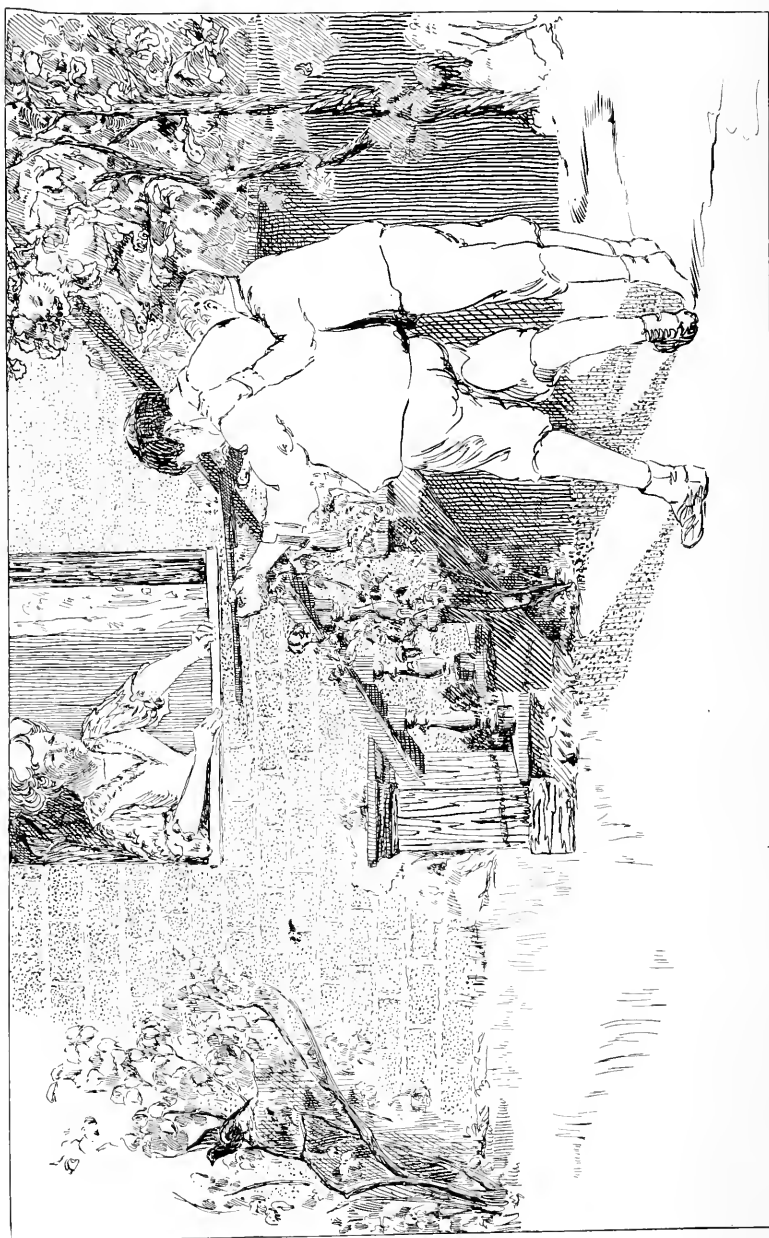
CANTO THIRD

THE TIGER CAT

Cruelty is often stealthy
 With a purring tiger-tread,
Tiger-ears and tiger-cunning,
 Tiger-eyes and tiger-head.

And it gambols like a kitten
 Just beneath the mother's smile,
With the children 'round the threshold,
 Stealing in their hearts the while!

After Reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the Liquor Traffic.—*Abraham Lincoln* to Mr. J. B. Merwin. April 14, 1865, the morning before his assassination.



“Just beneath the mother’s smile”



“Tiger-Cat in tiger-fury”

Suddenly this tiger-kitten
Tears its mask and bursts its screen,
Tiger-Cat in tiger fury,
And a brother's corpse is seen!

Then a maddened people clamor
"Hang him!" and the living son
Pays the penalty of murder,
While the Tiger-Cat looks on!

Many an aged parent languishes in the alms house today because his children were not taught kindness and mercy to all living creatures.

Dear Christ, why do we continue to gossip about Thy mysterious birth, when our earth, so full of pain and sorrow, cries unto us for succor? Hadst Thou been the scribe, we doubt not there would have been less room for creed and more for mercy.

And a mother's heart is broken,
And a father's lips are dumb,
All because they gave a welcome
To this Tiger in their home.
Little dreamed they that the hunting,
Watching calves and lambkins slain,
Fishing, just for cruel pleasure,
E'er could bring such dreadful pain;
But the tiger-kitten, growing,
Found its hunger hard to fill,
Deemed a human life more toothsome!
And it bent its mighty will.
Now the parents sit in darkness,
Wondering whence and where the foe,
Searching in their prayers and penance
For the cause of all their woe,
While the Tiger-Cat sits grinning,
Showing deadly fang and claw,
Waiting for another victim
Thus to fill its hungry maw.

The modern club and missionary society slay many a woman's good name after "meetin's out."



"Pays the penalty of murder!"



"Searching in their prayers and penance"

APPEAL

O arouse ye! fathers, mothers,
Come and lend a helping hand;
Organize securely, firmly,
Drive this Tiger from our land.



Baby's First Lesson in the Crime of Cruelty

There's no time for idle slumber;
Life is real and if we
Are forever blind to suffering,
Oh, what shall our harvest be?

Foster every bud of Mercy
In the children, if you're wise,
That they grow not heartless beings,
Cruel tigers in disguise.

If your daughter's petted fancy
Hungers for the plumage gay
Of the gold-finch or the pheasant,
Tell her of the better way.

Teach your sons that reckless driving
Bringeth anguish to the mind,
That a direful retribution
Often follows on behind.

In several of the states women are denied the guardianship
of their own children or the wages they earn.



FRANCES E. WILLARD

She needs no formal beatification; she was and *is* the world's sainted sister.

Let the preachers and the teachers
Never count that text the least:
A righteous man regardeth
The life of his own beast.

For the Lord of Hosts will prosper,
And will call that church his own,
Which most thoroughly suppresses
Wanton cruelty to the dumb;

Which shall tell the generations:
Woman, fit to nurture souls,
Fit to grace the home and fireside,
Should be honored at the polls;

Which shall cast a temperance ballot,
Fearlessly, ungloved and free,
Striking at the root of evil,
Not at twigs upon the tree.

Judge Ben B. Lindsay and other prominent officials from our
Equal Suffrage states declare that the ballot in the hands of
woman has been a civilizer.

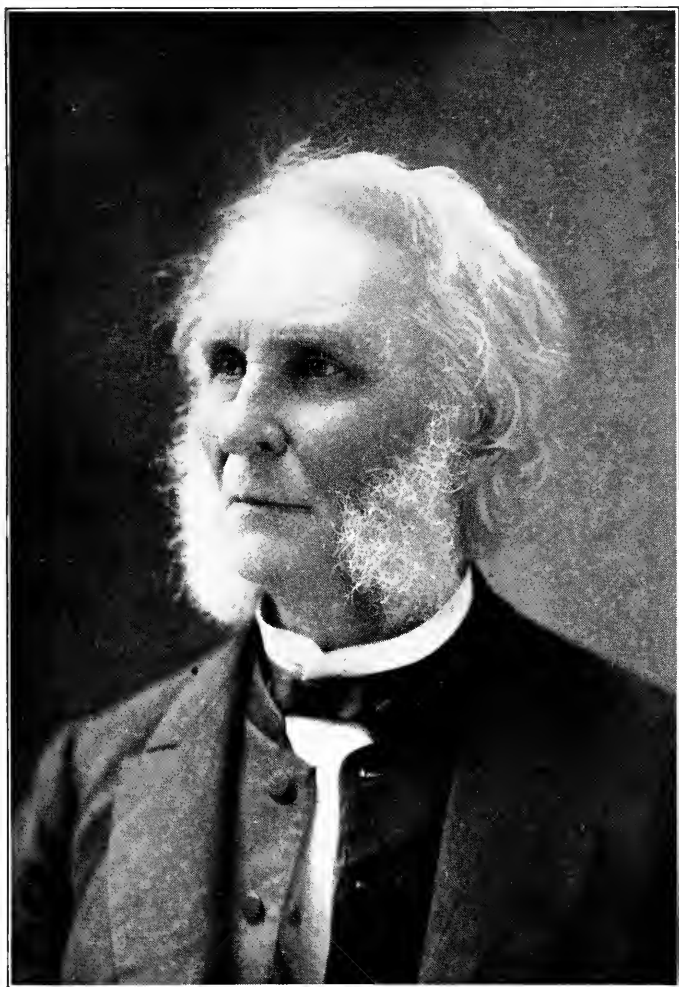
Let us be humane examples,
Active, tireless, patient, true,
Persevere through fire and tempest,
On and on and still pursue.

Let us soften cruel masters,
Till their hands can strike no more,
Shelter from the storms of winter,
Drive the wolf beyond the door.

Let us lift aloft our Red Cross,
Cross of white, or blue, or gold;
Let all crosses be uplifted
For the hungry and the cold;

Let all charities united
Fling their banners high in air;
Let their rainbow tints encircle
Every nation, everywhere.

And when we say "temperance" we mean "Prohibition."
Local Option is a rubber doll wherewith to tickle the tail of the
serpent. It is the buffoon, the juggler of the wily whisky poli-
tician. It deceives honest people.



GENERAL NEAL DOW
America's Father of Prohibition

Oh, let us haste to hail that time
Of Peace so sweet that War's black wing
Shall wither in its abject fear
And shame to touch so fair a thing!

That mothers' boys, so deftly reared,
Of mother's presence now bereft,
May come, ere Sin has laid his claim,
With souls as pure as when they left.

Let the sword rust in its scabbard
That the Olive Branch may bloom;
Let the whole world rest beneath it,
Breathe its balmy, sweet perfume

Till its flowers of Love and Mercy
Have our selfish hearts entwined,
Making every man a brother,
All the nations one—combined.

There is not as yet one foot of real Prohibition territory in the entire United States. When shall we be disillusioned from the fallacious doctrine of Local Option?

A SONNET

There's so much suffering, yes,
E'en though we do our best,
The great, cruel beast will torture his prey
And the weakling will starve in the nest.

There's so much suffering, yes,
From famine, and fire and flood,
And thoughtlessness and from sheer neglect,
Where Form is mistaken for God.

There's so much suffering, yes,
Oh, miss not a chance to sow,
And turn our light into every niche
That a mercy flower may grow.

Our present systems of child-labor and white-slave traffic will never be remedied by a liquorized government. Why? Because such a power will not enforce true reform measures.



The Christ of the Andes

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

The Christ of the Andes statue was erected on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina at the suggestion of Dr. Marcolina Benavente, Bishop of San Juan de Cuyo, Argentina, whose co-worker was Dr. Ramon Angel Jara, Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud, Chile.

In 1901, on the initiative of Senora de Costa, president of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres, one of the largest women's organizations in the world, the women of that city began the task of securing funds. It was dedicated March 13, 1904. There are two bronze tablets on the granite base. One gives the history of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other is inscribed the words:

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.”

GOSPEL OF PEACE

“Give me the money spent in war and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school house on every hillside and in every valley on the whole earth and supply those houses with competent teachers. I will build an academy in every town and endow each one; a college in every state and fill each one with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of Peace.”

—*Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins.*

Heaven speed the day when we may have this modern patriotism, modern religion and modern church! We can if we will.

Not more children, but better ones.

—*Mary A. Livermore.*

The voice may come to a woman exactly as to a man.

—*William Penn.*

A part of each life should be spent in the country. Too many young people are shunning the farm.

Mothers, take care of your babies; they are more precious than circus-shows and smothery crowds.

Only by giving the ballot to woman can the voice of the people be made the voice of God.

—*Emil G. Hirsch.*

White light includes all the prismatic colors; so the white ribbon stands for all phases of reform.

—*Frances E. Willard.*

Society owes to the horse a depth of gratitude a thousand times greater than it does to thousands of men who abuse him.

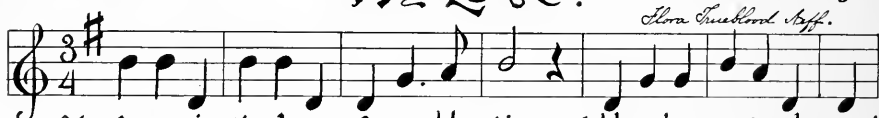
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

No selfish, sickly, ignorant, filthy, drunken, cruel or degenerate person should own or have the custody of either babies or dogs. Both should be well bred and kept clean.



My Love.

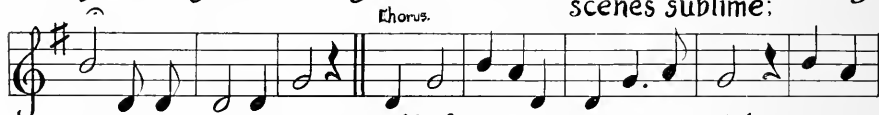
WORDS AND MUSIC BY
Eliza Follen Buff.



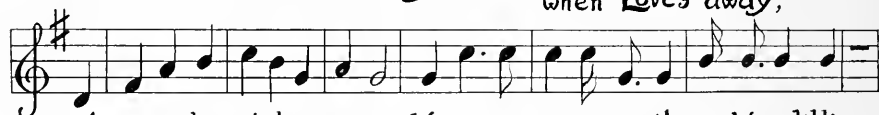
My Love is the Love of ye olden time, A blending of color and



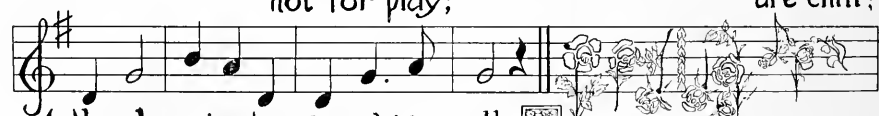
song and rhyme, And crystal waters and scenes sublime; This is my



dream when my Love is nigh. My Life is weary when Love's away; She's tired



of her work and she cares not for play; Her roses are scentless, Her lillies are chill;



When Love is absent my Life is ill.

My Love hath the power to fill with cheer,

The lowly hut or the palace drear;

In calm or in storm there is naught to fear:

This is my joy when my Love is nigh.

My Love is my bark and I drift away,

To isles of glory and cloudless day,

Youth's fragrance and beauty shall live for aye,

This is my hope when my Love is nigh.

CANTO FOURTH

CONCLUSION

ADDRESS

We have told you, friends, but little
Of this monster Cruelty,
How it writes with bloody fingers
In the air, on land and sea,
And to those who yet defend it
We have only this to say:
Where there is a righteous willing
There is yet a righteous way.

Cruelty may bring you silver;
Cruelty may bring you gold;
Cruelty may lead you surely
Into streams of wealth untold.
But your conscience will not shrive you;
Justice ne'er condones a wrong;
Money never whitens black deeds;
Truth scorns Error's croaking song.

Jesus Christ belonged to the order Essenes and they ate no
flesh meat.

Argue not that they are soulless,
All these little birds ye slay,
Nor the poor dog which lies fettered
In the vivisector's tray,
Nor the horses over-laden,
Nor the starving kine ye see—
Wiser minds than ours have argued
Self-same things of you and me!

If the crown of future glory
Only waiteth for mankind,
Is it not a greater reason
He should be of noble mind,
Full of kindness, love and mercy
For the fish, and fowl of air,
And for every living creature
God entrusteth to our care?

A FORGOTTEN TEXT

And I saw heaven opened and behold, a white horse!—*Revelation* 19-11.

More than a hundred prominent authors, including poets Byron, Tennyson, Pope and Tupper, have espoused the doctrine of immortality for the so-called "dumb" animals.

Lo! the prophet sees, engraven,
 “**HOLINESS**” upon the bells
Of the horses in that country
 Where the King of Glory dwells.
How is this, dehorners, dockers,
 Think ye—on that Judgment Day—
Are ye not afraid that horses
 Will be somewhat in the way?

Shall the mild Brahmin stand in equal sin,
Regarding nature's menials, with the wretch
Who flays the moaning Abyssinian ox,
Or roasts the living bird or flogs to death
The famishing pointer?

—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

Never trust charity work to idlers; they are failures. Industrious people are the backbone of our commonwealth and are usually willing to shoulder an added responsibility.

A FORGOTTEN TEXT

In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses,
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.—*Zechariah, 14-20.*

Is it not enough we're killing,
Killing, killing every day?
Must we add unto that killing
Torture, worse than beasts of prey?
We were taught the roaring lion
Is the great and kingly beast,
But not so, we have dethroned him;
From the greatest to the least,

The whole creation groaneth
Because our gory hands
Count not one poor life precious
When Cruelty commands!

A FORGOTTEN TEXT

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain;
for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.—*Isaiah*
11-9.

Mothers, please instruct your children not to crowd old people off the sidewalk.



DR. WILLIAM OLIN STILLMAN

Albany, New York

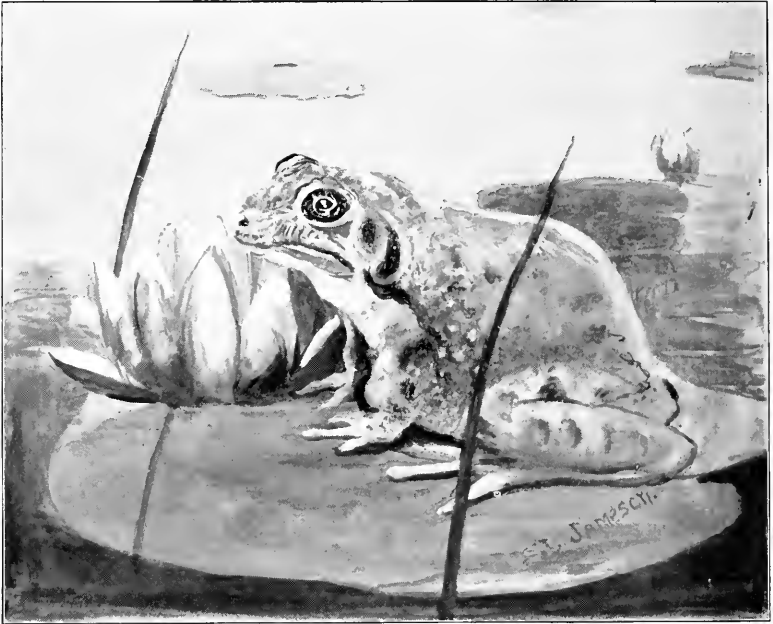
President of the American Humane Association. His noteworthy philanthropic record is too lengthy for our page.

QUERY

Shall our Twentieth Century find us
 Reveling in scenes of gore?
Must our pleasures be as beastly
 As in centuries gone before?
Shall our science and our fashion
 Steel our hearts and brutalize
All that's true and noble in us
 With their cunning and disguise?

Shall our knowledge only nerve us
 To enjoy such Cruelty
As would put to shame the savage
 Or the heathen o'er the sea?
Must our common schools disgrace us
 With the vivisector's tray?
Shall the children witness horrors
 That can never fade away?

Brain without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain. . . . When the Angel of Pity has been driven from the heart: when the fountain of tears is dry, the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*



"The dear frog who blinks at you"

Children, are we kind as He
Wants His followers to be?
Are we doing that which brings
Happiness to helpless things?
Have we courage? Dare we speak
For the dumb, defenseless, weak?

I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.—*Thomas Paine*.

Must they see the little field-mouse
Slowly tortured, put to death,
Just to demonstrate that people
Cannot live without their breath?
Shall the harmless pigeon suffer,
When a drunkard, anywhere,
Affords a temperance lesson
Better far and less unfair?

Teacher, did you, can you, would you
Lacerate those jeweled eyes
Of the dear frog who blinks at you
In such confidence unwise?
Dare you mutilate that body?
Desecrate with cruel knife?
Can't you prove by humane methods
Those mysterious things of life?

We are fully persuaded that vivisection in our public schools teaches four things, viz: Theft of the animals, prevarication, rudeness and cruelty.

A dog's good disposition may be corrupted by his master. We would impose a heavy penalty on those who propagate the vicious canine.

Lo! the world's a colosseum,
Panoramic scene of blood,
Men and beasts within the circle
Rising, falling on the flood,
While our Caesars in their purple,
Royal lace and tinsel show,
Quaff the wine of regal pleasure
From the gory scenes below!

Who will leap in the arena
As did one in days of old?
Who will dare to face the missiles
From our Caesars in their gold?
Who will quell our lions, panthers,
Human beasts, with helpless prey?
Who will be our Telemachus,
Midst the Romans of today?

Telemachus, a Christian monk, descended into the Roman arena, separated the combatants and, though he thereby lost his life, conscience was awakened and his martyrdom led to an imperial edict which ended the human sacrifice of the amphitheatre.



“Who will be our Telenachus,
Midst the Romans of today?”

Who will be like that grand hero,
Having heard the plaintive cry
Of a cat, entombed and hungry,
In a wall which towered high,
Called unto the master mason:—
“Tear it down!” and to the ground
That great marble pile was lowered
Till the starving cat was found?

Henry Bergh's command wrought magic;
Starving Puss was saved at last,
While the multitude stood speechless
At the wonder, unsurpassed!

That flesh-food does foster undue belligerency and animality, that it is the great promoter of alcoholic thirst, and a prolific breeder of cancerous and other terrible diseases, are facts undoubted by those who have studied the matter.—*Journal of Zoophily*.



"Starving Puss"

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."—*Clara Barton's Favorite.*

Fond parent, it could be your child destined to die in the white-slave market, upon some factory tread-mill, or a victim of our government-licensed gin-mill. Will you not leave off frivolity for a time and assist those who war against Cruelty?



HENRY BERGH
America's Father of Mercy

Who again shall keep the vigil
In her robes of somber hue,
Watching o'er the sick and dying,
Like Maria Theresa, who,
True to flag and true to duty,
Fearless of the blood that ran,
Followed she the roaring cannon,
On through China and Japan?

Though twice wounded in the conflict
She again braved Death and Hell,
Caught the heavy grenade falling,
Caught within her arms the shell,
Caught it up within her strong arms,
As it midst the wounded fell,
And bore it far from the ambulance
Ere the Demon burst his cell!

The conventional mourning garb injures the health and makes
conspicuous the wearer.

Who will be our Clara Barton?
Ah, we reverence her name!
Who shall have her dauntless courage?
Who shall wear her crown of fame?
On the angry Mississippi
And Ohio's raging tide,
We can see her steamboat heaving
That the hungry be supplied;

Thence across the rolling ocean
There to breathe the fetid breath,
And to cool the burning pillow
In a land of scourge and death!
O'er the world her Mercy sceptre
In the splendor of its sheen,
From the meanest, lowest hovel,
As a Star of Hope is seen.

Let our funeral sermon be a Mercy sermon, speaking for those who cannot speak for themselves; a Temperance sermon, pleading for a saner parentage.



CLARA BARTON
Of "Red Cross" Fame

Who among ye hath a daughter
Worthy of this woman's crown?
Who shall follow in her foot-steps
Now she lays her burden down?

Capital punishment only adds crime to crime.

War is Hell!—*General William Tecumseh Sherman.*

When true knighthood blossoms, "Votes for Women" shall thrive apace.

Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.—*Proverbs 23-20.*

Let us think high thoughts, altruistic thoughts, and then patiently plod the lowly, simple, prosaic path which leads to their realization.—*Mrs. Mary F. Lovell*, Department of Mercy, World's and National Women's Christian Temperance Union.

If we are not immortal, if there is not a great free life beyond, as great as the out-reaching of the heart, as great as the contriving of the brain, as great as the faith that fastens the aspiring soul to God, then we are the mightiest mockery that has been let loose to feed on its own anguish.—*Frances E. Willard.*

PROPHECY

In the glorious golden Sometime
Telemachi brave shall come,
Garrisons and Paines for freedom,
Other Berghs for weak and dumb,
Anthonys and Stowes and Stantons,
Clara Bartons by the score,
Dows and Goughs and Frances Willards,
Florence Nightingales and more,

Coming to unite the nations
And to haste that time of Peace
When a "child shall lead the lion,"
When great cruelties shall cease:
Uncle John and Aunt Jane Moorland
May for years sleep side by side
In some quiet little church yard,
Ere the slow but steady tide,

I pray that when Death comes to me, he may come while the harness is on.—*John B. Gough.*

Always vote for principle, though you vote alone, that you may cherish the sweet reflection that your vote is never lost.—*John Quincy Adams.*



SUSAN B. ANTHONY

If I have lived to any purpose, carry on the work I have to lay down.—*Susan B. Anthony.*

Teach your boys and girls, everywhere, the story of her sweet life.

Mighty wave of human progress
Shall have risen to the height
Where the world shall see the wisdom
And the joy of doing right.
Though perhaps Aunt Jane so noble,
Yielded, on that winter's eve,
To stern Uncle John's opinion,
There are thousands more who grieve,

Thousands more full of compassion,
Only waiting for the light,
For a stronger Aunt Jane Moorland
Than our heroine that night.
We can hear them coming, coming,
O'er the hills and vales of Time,
Like an angel's silvery chorus,
Like a poet's blissful rhyme.

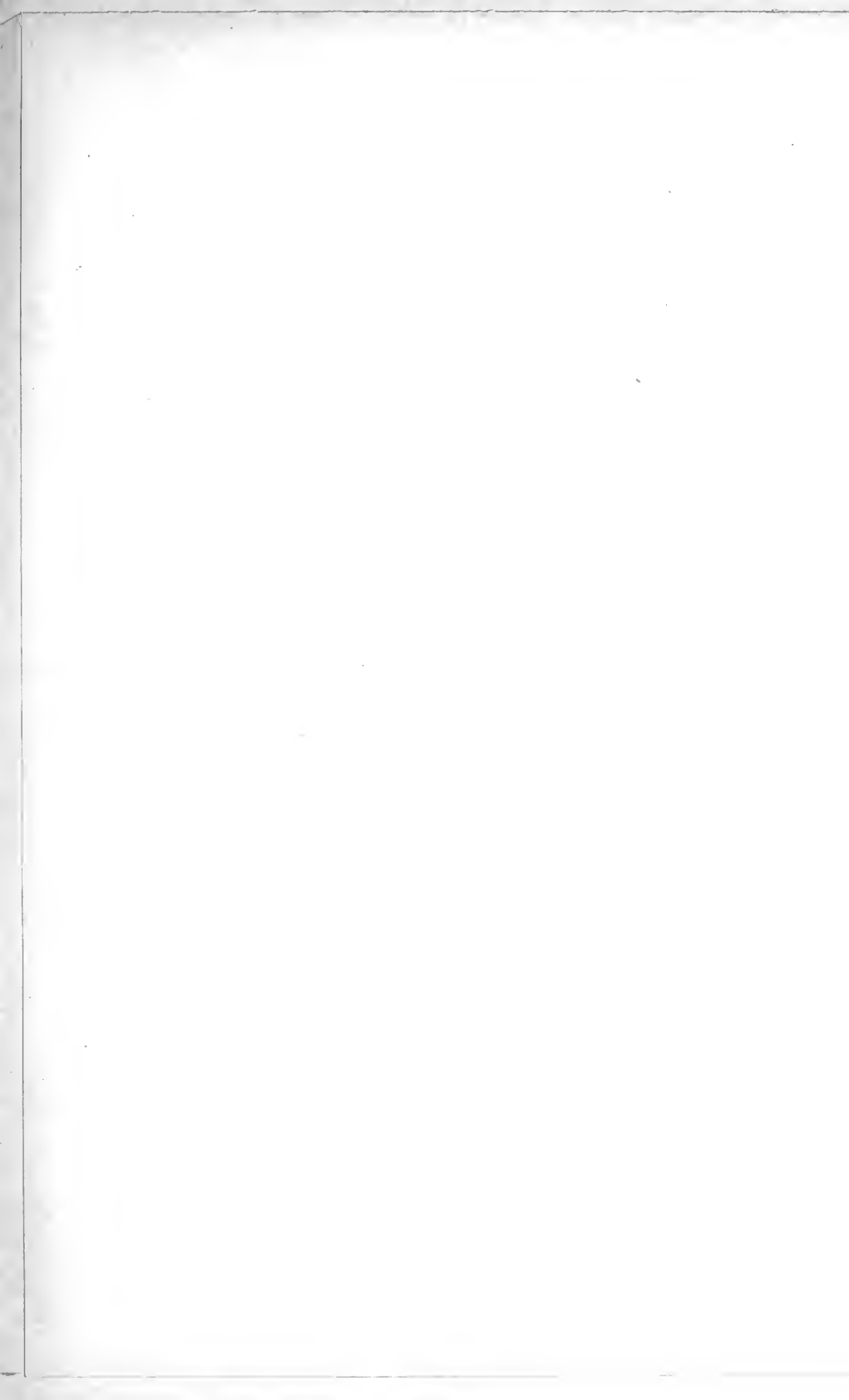
The Southern planter went to the war, leaving his wife and children in the custody of negro slaves, and not one ever betrayed that sacred trust. When the white man's licensed saloon was established those trusty creatures were made demons.

They are coming from the Orient,
From the prairies of the West,
From the North and from the Southland,
All the nations shall be blest;
There shall be one mighty people
Saying, "Let the right be done:"
In the paths of Temperance, Mercy,
Peace and Love, we journey on.

All other trusts are as infants when compared with the Whisky trust.

Walter Scott carried such a fund of sympathy and good will that even the animals found fellowship with him, and the pigs understood his great heart.—*John Burroughs*.

So closely interwoven are the interests of man and the gentle dumb creatures given to his service and his care, that cruelty and brutality to the patient beast of burden result in the debasing of the guilty man himself.—*Clara Morris*, Author of "Life on the Stage."





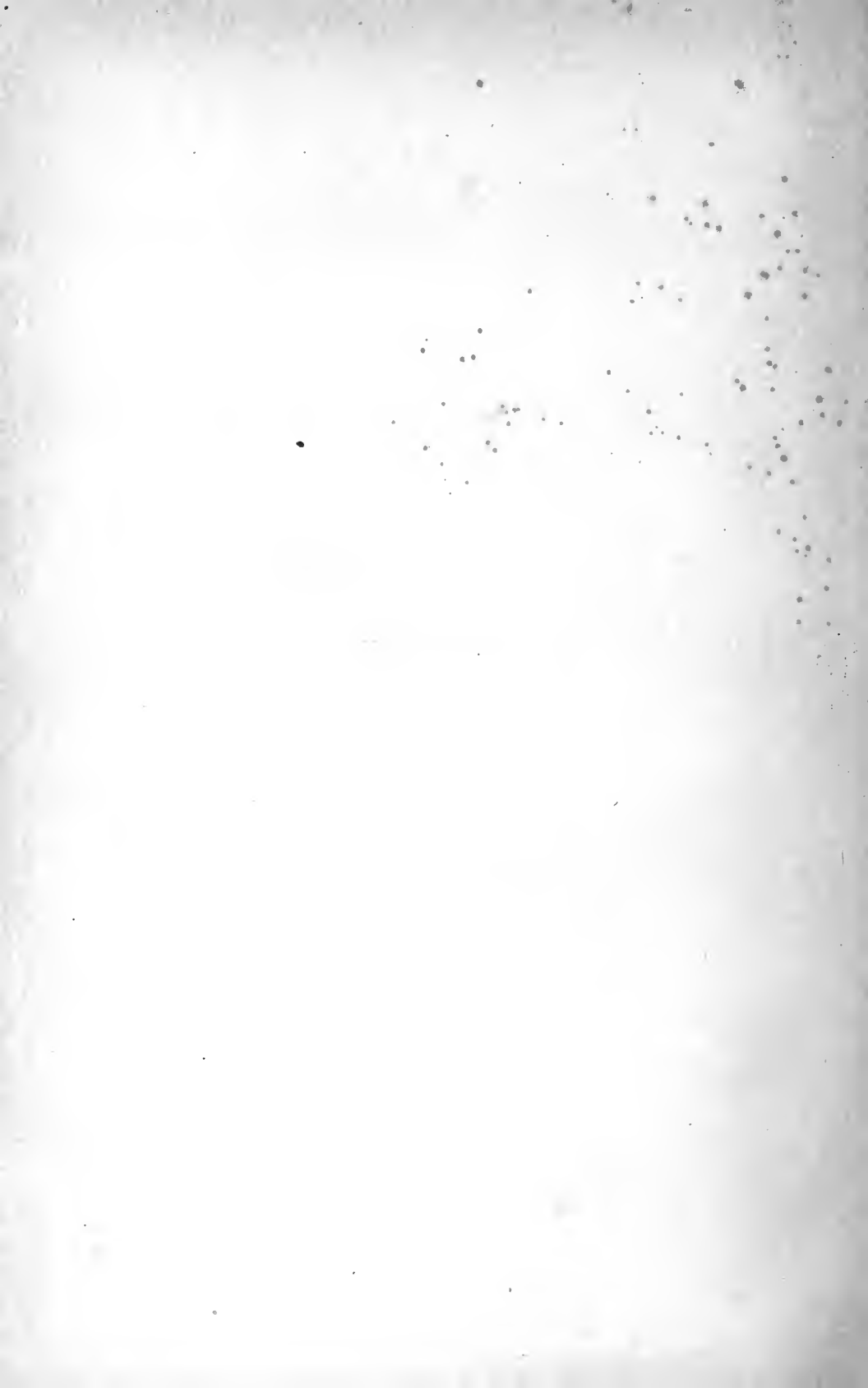
"AND I SAW HEAVEN OPENED. AND BEHOLD, A WHITE HORSE!" REV. XIX. 11.



THE SUN-RISE OF PEACE

The Central figure in this Allegory bears Harmony and Peace to all living creatures. The two pachyderms below join with the trumpeter in acclamation. The messenger at our right heralds Love and Hope to kindly souls. The one on the left brings gifts to those who aspire to nobler thought, who toil for others and who some day shall reign, not in my way or thine, perhaps, but after a truer manner of Patriotism as yet unborn.







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